

# Catch 22, Arm To Arm

Another fucking day  
it's still a nine to five, I swear.  
I don't want to reach the top.  
I don't want to be a millionaire.  
I know that it may sound crazy,  
but it's driving me insane.  
Staring out the window of another fucking train.

[CHORUS] We're walking arm to arm. I won't follow.  
Arm to arm. I won't lead.  
Arm to arm. Beside me until tomorrow.  
Arm to arm. You're walking arm to arm with me.

I'm feeling kind of homesick when I smell the old pine tree.  
I felt you in the breeze, I close my eyes, it's not so easy for me.  
Once or twice, three times a charm.  
We were walking arm to arm.  
I wanted that for so damn long, but now it's gone.  
I've never been so wrong. Drop me a line.  
Tell me everything that I've been missing.  
Won't you drop me a line.  
Tell me where you're gonna be when I get home.  
2000 years more won't end this war, my brother.  
Half empty, half full. You're pushing, I'm pulling.

woooooah woah oh oh woah oh oh

Back in '96, sometimes I sit and reminisce.  
Look the train to Hoboken,  
I didn't know it then,  
but that is when I found my place outside this so-called structured life.  
Married to my only love and music is my wife.

[CHORUS]